

August 2019

Do You Ever Think On Me Love?

Author Unknown

Follow this and additional works at: https://egrove.olemiss.edu/kgbsides_uk



Part of the [Folklore Commons](#), and the [Music Commons](#)

Recommended Citation

Unknown, Author, "Do You Ever Think On Me Love?" (2019). *Broadside Ballads: England*. 984.
https://egrove.olemiss.edu/kgbsides_uk/984

This Book is brought to you for free and open access by the Kenneth S. Goldstein Collection: Broadside Ballads at eGrove. It has been accepted for inclusion in Broadside Ballads: England by an authorized administrator of eGrove. For more information, please contact egrove@olemiss.edu.



P O O R

CAROLINE Of Edinburgh Town.

Catnach, Printer, 2, Monmouth-court,
Seven Dials.

COME all young men and maidens attend unto my rhyme,
It is of a lovely maiden was scarcely in her prime,
She beat the blushing roses, and admired by all around
Was lovely young Caroline of Edinburgh town.
Young Henry a highlandman, a-courting to her came,
And when her parents came to know, they did not
the same,
Young Henry was offended and unto her did say,
Arouse, dearest Caroline, with me to run away.
We will both go to London, love, & there to wed with
and then lovely Caroline, is happiness indeed,
and enticed by young Henry she put on her other gown
and away went young Caroline of Edinburgh town
Over hills and ~~over~~ mountains together they did roam,
A time arrived in London, so far from happy home:
Then she cried dearest Henry pray never on me frown,
Or you'll break the heart of Caroline of Edinburgh town
They had not been in London not passing half-a-year,
When hard-hearted Henry proved too severe,
And Henry I will go to sea your friends did on me frown
I beg your way without delay to Edinburgh town.
The fleet it is sitting out to Spithead dropping down,
And I will join the gallant fleet to fight for King & Crown
Tho' gallant tars may feel the scars or in the water drown
Yet I never will return again to Edinburgh town.
Then many a day she pass'd away in sorrow and despair
Her cheeks tho' once like roses was grown like lilies fair
She cried where is my Henry and often she did swoon,
Crying, sad the day I ran away from Edinburgh town
Oppress'd with grief without relief, this damsel she did go
Into the wood to eat such food as on the bushes grow;
Some strangers they did pity her, & some did on her frow
And some did say what made you stray from Edinburgh town
Beneath a lofty spreading oak this maid sat down to cry,
A watching of the gallant ships as they were passing by,
She gave three shrieks for Henry, and plung'd her body
And away floated Caroline of Edinburgh town. (down
A note, likewise her bonnet, she left upon the shore,
And in the note a lock of hair, with words, I am no more
But fast asleep, I'm in the deep, the fish are watching
round,
Once comely young Caroline of Edinburgh town.
Come all you tender parents ne'er try to part true-love,
You're sure to see in some degree the ruin it will prove
And all young men and maidens ne'er on your lovers
Think of the fair Caroline of Edinburgh Town. (frown



Do You ever Think ON ME LOVE.

J. Catnach, Printer, 2, Monmouth-court, 7 Dials

DO you ever think of me, love?
Do you ever think on me?
When I'm far rway from thee, love
With my bark upon the sea.
My thoughts are ever turning
On thee where'er I roam,
And my heart is ever yearning
For the quiet scenes at home
Then tell me—do you ever,
When my bark is on the sea,
Give a thought to one who never
Can think to cease on thee
When sailing on the billow,
Do you think I must forget,
The streamlet and the willow,
And the bower where we met?
No—fancy thou art near me.
When the gales are murmuring by
When the waves alone can hear me,
And tis but the zephyr's cry.
Then tell me &c.



I MET HER AT THE FANCY FAIR.

ISaw her at the Fancy Fair,
Where youth and beauty joyful n
The loveliest of the lovely there,
Ne'er shall I that girl forget.
No one could pass her coldly by,
Fairer than all she was, yet meet.
Heav'n was in her diamond eye,
And roses crimson'd o'er her cheek.
To nature's gayest scenes, she lent
A sweet, a soul enchanting spell,
At home, abroad, where e'er she went,
How lov'd, how courted, none can
Mid dazzling splendour thine array'd,
She urged the sacred claims of woe,
As gracefully her tresses play'd
A neck that mock'd the mountain snow.